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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



AND
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Vol. 58,

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A SEA CAPTAIN OF EARLY SALEM, MASS.

The best type of the adventurous Salem sailors will always be Captain RICHARD J. CLEVELAND. The first instalment of his own reminiscences was given in the *North American Review* for October, 1827, and his *Voyages and Commercial Enterprises* were first published collectively in 1842, and afterward reprinted in 1850. There lies before me a farther collection of manuscript extracts from his diaries and letters, and the same Defoe-like quality runs through them all. He was my father's own cousin, and I remember him well in my childhood, when he had reached the haven of the custom-house, after occupying for a time the temporary retreat, for which every sailor sighs, of a small farm in the country. He was then a serene old man, with a round apple-shaped head, a complexion indelibly sunburnt, and a freshness of look which bore testimony to the abstemiousness of his life; for he asserts that he never had

tasted spirituous liquors, or, indeed, anything stronger than tea and coffee, nor had he ever used tobacco. In his mouth a single clove-pink was forever carried. I remember him as habitually silent, yielding admiringly to the superior colloquial powers of a very lively wife, yet easily lured into the most delightful yarns when she happened to be absent. Then he became our Ulysses and our Robinson Crusoe in one. The whole globe had been his home. It could be said of him, as Thoreau says of the sailor brother in a country farm-house, that he knew only how far it was to the nearest port, no more distances, all the rest being only seas and distant capes. He had grown to be a perfect practical philosopher; Epictetus or Seneca could have taught him no farther lessons as to acquiescence in the inevitable; and yet there was an unquenched fire in his quiet eyes that showed him still to have the qualities of

his youth. It was easy to fancy him issuing from his sheltered nook to

"point the guns upon the chase
Or bid the deadly cutlass shine,"

as in those adventurous early days.

One of Cleveland's best feats was the performance of a voyage, then unexampled, from Macao to the northwest coast of America and back, for the purchase of furs, —a voyage made the more remarkable by the fact that it was achieved in a cutter-sloop of fifty tons, with a crew of the worst description, without any printed chart of the coast, and in the teeth of the monsoon. It was essential to his success to reach his destination before the arrival of certain ships that had been despatched from Boston round Cape Horn; and his plan was to procure a vessel small enough to keep near the coast, sometimes taking advantage of a favorable current, and making a port, although an unknown one, every night. In his letters to his father he frankly says that his plan is pronounced impracticable by all experienced ship-masters at the port; but since nobody has ever tried it, how can it be asserted to be impracticable? They all predicted that he might sail a month without making any progress, and would then return, if at all, with sails and rigging torn to pieces. "I was," he coolly says, "not pleased with such gloomy prospects, but concluded that if I was to meet ruin, it might as well be by being torn to pieces on the China coast as to arrive on the coast of America after the object of my voyage had been secured by other vessels." So he sailed January 30th, 1799, with twenty-five on board,—two Americans, the rest Irish, Swedes,

French, and chiefly English, the last mostly deserters from men-of-war and Botany Bay ships,—“a list of as accomplished villains as ever disgraced a country.” The work was so hard that the precious crew soon mutinied, and refused one morning to weigh anchor. In preparation for this he had stored all provisions near the cabin, and he coolly informed them that they could not eat until they worked; and so mounted guard for twenty-four hours, with two or three men, including the black cook. His muskets were flintlocks, and revolvers were not yet introduced; but he had two four-pound cannon loaded with grape. It then occurred to him that if he offered to set them on shore, they would soon have enough of it. They caught at the proposal; but the Chinese would not keep or feed them on land, nor the captain take them on board next day: pointing a cannon he bade them keep off. He then went to the shore in an armed boat, and offered to take them on board one by one. Several came eagerly; but when it turned out that the boatswain and one other ringleader were not to be taken back on any terms, these two desperadoes presented their knives at the breasts of the others, and swore that they should not stir. Some yielded; others were sullenly indifferent; one lay intoxicated on the beach. It was like one of the mutineering scenes in Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. At last all but six were brought on board, and thenceforth behaved well, having probably coincided by this time with their young captain, who quietly writes to his father, “No grosser miscalculation of character was ever made than by these men in supposing that

they could accomplish their object by threats or intimidations."

They kept on their formidable voyage, often finding themselves, after a toilsome day, set back leagues on their way; grazing on rocks, caught in whirlpools, threatened by pirates. The diminished crew proved an advantage, as they had to be put on allowance of provisions at any rate. In thirty days they sighted the north end of Formosa, and had performed that part of the trip deemed impracticable; then they crossed the north Pacific amid constant storms, and anchored in Norfolk Sound on March 30th, 1799, after a voyage of two months, and in advance of almost all competing vessels. Even those which had arrived from Boston were at disadvantage, being much larger, and unable to penetrate the innumerable bays and inlets on the northwest coast. Putting up a screen of hides round the deck, and never letting more than one native on board at once, Cleveland concealed the smallness of his crew, and eluded attack, though the Indian canoes were often larger than his little vessel. On one occasion his cutter ran on a rock, and lay there twenty-four hours, at such an angle that no one could stand on deck, the Indians fortunately not discovering his plight. At last the vessel floated with returning tide, and after two months' traffic they reached China, September 15th, by way of the Sandwich Islands, laden with a cargo worth \$60,000, the sea-otter skins that had been bought at the rate of eight for a musket selling for \$36 apiece. His deserters had reached Wham-poa before him, and all Cleveland's friends had believed their assertion that he was dead.

The youthfulness of these men gave a flavor of impulse and adventure to the soberest mercantile enterprises. They made up their plans for some voyage round the globe as blithely as if it were a yachting trip. It seemed like commerce on a lark, and yet there was always a keen eye to business. Cleveland and his friend Shaler,—whose *Sketches of Algiers* has still a place in the literature of travel,—having come together from the Isle of France to Copenhagen, formed the project of a voyage round Cape Horn. They bought at Hamburg an American brig of 175 tons, the *Lelia Byrd*, tossed up a coin to decide which should go as captain and which as supercargo, invited a delightful young Polish nobleman, the Count de Rouissillon, to accompany them, and sailed November 8th, 1801, for a two years' voyage, the oldest of the three not being yet thirty years old. In these days, when every little remote port of the globe has been visited and described in full, its manners sketched, its channels laid down in a chart, and its commercial resources fully known, it is impossible to appreciate the uncertain and vague delights of such an expedition. Every entry into a new harbor might imply a fortune or a prison, for Spain had not yet lost its control of the regions they were to visit, but claimed the right to monopolize the commerce of all. For each port there was some pompous official to be managed or bribed, and in general, where any injustice had been done to them, the pluck and ready wit of the young Americans carried the day. More than once, after being actually imprisoned and ordered out of the port, they quietly refused to weigh anchor until their wrongs

had been redressed and apology made. On one occasion, after going on shore with a boat's crew to rescue some of their own men who had been improperly detained, they carried off the Spanish guard also; and then sailed within musket-shot of a fort garrisoned by a hundred men, compelling their prisoners to stand conspicuously by the bulwarks, in order to ward off the fire from the battery. Nevertheless they were under fire for half an hour. One shot struck them just above the water-line, and several cut the sails and rigging. The Spaniards had eight nine-pound guns, the Americans had only three-pounders, but when the latter got with-

in range, the Spanish soldiers fled, and in ten minutes the fight was done. This was at San Diego, California, and we have the testimony of Mr. Richard H. Dana that it was still vividly remembered upon that coast thirty years later. When the *Lelia Byrd* was safe the prisoners were set on shore, and the Americans had soon after a several days' visit from the "jolly padres," as Cleveland calls them, of the old Spanish missions, who took uproarious satisfaction in the whole affair, and agreed that the Spanish commandant, Don Manuel Rodriguez, ought to be sent back to the mother country as a poltroon.—*Harper's Magazine for September.*

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

These magnificent specimens of skill and power are creations of the present generation. When in college, we remember that our professor read to his chemistry class one morning, a paper by a famous English scientist, Dr. Lardner, demonstrating mathematically that it would be forever impossible to construct vessels that could cross the Atlantic wholly by steam power. They could not, he maintained, carry the amount of coal requisite, and any increase in size to allow more would require increased consumption in even a greater ratio, so that the end desired would always be beyond reach. Yet, to show the worthlessness of such a demonstration, that very month the *Savannah* arrived at New York.

From that day till the present the progress of scientific achievement has been truly wonderful. A hundred mighty ships on the Atlantic alone, now ply back and

forth over the three thousand miles of heaving waters, like the swift shuttles of a weaver's loom. They carry not only their own coal,—and it does take a pretty big pile, some of them burning over two hundred tons a day,—but several thousand tons of freight and many hundred passengers. The time required for a passage is constantly diminishing; in some instances having fallen below seven days, which is an average of almost twenty miles an hour the whole way. But to do this these "ocean greyhounds" have to dash on incessantly through darkness and fog and amid all perils of icebergs and collisions, and if they happen to escape them all, very well; great boastings and praises follow; but if not,—then meetings of passengers (if any survive) are held to testify that "no blame is to be attached to the officers," and the catastrophe is piously submitted

to as "an inscrutable dispensation of Providence."

The home of a passenger during the voyage is his stateroom, albeit, a rather narrow home. Usually each has two berths and a small sofa opposite, the berths being simply boxes specially constructed to keep the occupant from rolling out. If in no danger of this he may profitably in his waking moments, fancy himself in his coffin, and after the manner of the ancient anchorites try to think what it would be like to be dead. There are indeed moments when it is said victims of the pitiless *mal de mer* actually wish they were so. Some poor fellow's pithy saying is always quoted for the comfort of such,—“The first two days I was afraid I should die; the next two, I was afraid I shouldn't.” These rooms are however fitted up very handsomely, with cushions and lockers and cupboards, and especially,—bowls, so that they are made as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. Your steward takes care of them during the voyage, and expects a gratuity fee at the end.

The main cabin, or “saloon” serves as dining-room, sitting-room, music-room, and chapel. Usually also there is a smaller ladies' parlor, a gentlemen's smoking-room, and in the largest ships other small apartments for comfort or luxury. Passengers are assigned their seats at the tables, which they are expected to retain unchanged through the passage. Each table is served by one or more stewards, who also expect a fee at the end. There are on most vessels five meals daily, breakfast at eight, lunch at twelve, dinner at five or six, supper at nine, and tea at bedtime, which is anywhere after nine one chooses.

The fare is substantially that of the best English hotels, including all sorts of fresh meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc. Immense ice-rooms keep everything cool and nice. All this ample provision for the appetite, however, is mostly lost for a large portion of the company. The first meal or two the tables are full, and the hum of conversation and merry laugh is heard all around. Next morning many seats are empty, and not a few faces look pale and sober. By noon there are great gaps which are apt to remain, with sometimes a brief occupancy, for four or five days. Then one by one persons come stealing in, as if distrustful of themselves; and the vacant places fill up, till generally a little before port is reached the room resumes its first appearance and joy and good cheer prevail. Meanwhile, through all this there are some lucky people that are able to come to the table every time. They eat and eat, with a zest ever keen under the tonic of the sea breezes and walks on deck, and with self complacent benevolence look upon their unfortunate fellow voyagers, as they find them cowering in sheltered spots by the funnels or masts or behind bulwarks on deck, and say pityingly, “Ah, my dear fellow, sick?” and to the feeble answer, “Oh, yes,” reply as they turn away, “Well, you look as if you were.”

On Sundays divine service is held in the cabin, at which if there be any ministers present they are usually invited to officiate. Cushions are piled upon the end of one of the tables to serve for a pulpit, on which the Bible and prayer-book are laid. Passengers, both cabin and steerage, and seamen, as many as can be spared, are invited and the room

is full. By the captain's invitation we consented to perform the service both Sundays, on our return voyage, adding a short extemporaneous discourse. The piano led in the hymns, which were quite effectively sung. The use of the (English) prayer-book was new to us, and we did not attempt to follow it through all its tiresome repetitions. We got the "collects" we believe in the right places, and did very well with the responses. One of the good passengers did indeed hint to us afterwards that it was not in good form for us to have read the "absolution," which was proper only for "ordained ministers." We begged in reply to inform him that we were aware of the rubric, and that we read it intentionally, in conformity therewith as "an ordained minister," to whom, as we trusted, God had "given power and commandment to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins." We added that it gave us great pleasure to say authoritatively in Christ's own name, "He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy gospel," that we had been employed many years in making this proclamation, and that we hoped to be able to do it a great many times more. Three French Catholic priests who were on board did not deign to join in our worship. We asked one of them afterward, why not. "Oh, we are not allowed," he said. "We will be happy to pray with you in private, but we cannot allow the validity of your service by being present at it in public." And such, alas! is the Christian church still; broken into fragments, denying to each other recognition

and fellowship in the simplest acts of worship to their common Lord, because differing as to the structure of the church, a matter which He never said a word about.

While passengers on shipboard are made free of all the parts and offices designed for them, there are others into which they must not intrude. They must keep away from "the bridge," which is, so to speak, the captain's throne. It is an elevated platform forward of the engines on the upper deck, extending from side to side of the ship, on which the captain and one of his "officers" constantly stand or walk, commanding a full view of the vessel and of her trackless path. It is strictly forbidden for any person to go upon this bridge without express invitation; it is an impertinence even to speak to those on duty there without absolute necessity. Another place under tabu is the wheel-house, where the vessel is steered. And, in general, it is not permitted to hold conversation with any officer or seaman while on duty. The reasons are obvious. A most weighty responsibility for the safety of the ship and all the precious lives she carries rests on these men, and a single moment's inattention or diversion from duty might endanger the whole. In other cases the intrusion of a passenger where he does not belong, though not formally forbidden, may be attended with consequences not always pleasant. Jack Tar has a code of offense and penalty of his own, from which he often derives a revenue to replenish his pipe or pouch. The first time we crossed the ocean we strolled from curiosity into the fire-room below, and after looking around a little, found suddenly a long chalk mark drawn

between us and the door we had entered, with the good natured intimation that it would cost us something to get back over that line. We were not slow in sensing the situation, and a quarter served to make all things right.

But however interesting our grand ocean home may be, however agreeable the company and the acquaintances we make on board, it is always a glad day when the voyage is ended. It is remarkable how fine the scenery on shore always is. Wonderful transformations take place among the passengers themselves. Old hats are supplanted by trim round crowns and shining stovepipes. Old coats and wraps are strapped up and

laid away. Everybody, even those whose faces had been longest and most woe-begone, is smiling and happy. Good-byes are said and promises made to meet in this place or that, and to exchange correspondence,—most of which are forgotten the first day after landing. Slowly the big ship approaches the dock; we did not think how big she was till we measure her by things on shore. The hawsers are thrown out; the “plank” thrust off, a waiting crowd of officials and hackmen and loungers make way for us to pass, and we are on shore; the voyage is ended.—*Rev. I. P. Warren, D. D., in Christian Mirror.*

THE MEDITERRANEAN CORSAIRS.

Of all the barbarous communities with which the civilized world has had to deal in modern times, perhaps none have made so much trouble as the Mussulman States on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. After the breaking up of the great Moorish kingdoms of the Middle Ages, this region had fallen under the nominal control of the Turkish sultans as lords paramount of the orthodox Mohammedan world. Its miserable populations became the prey of banditti. Swarms of half-savage chieftains settled down upon the land like locusts, and out of such a pandemonium of robbery and murder as has scarcely been equalled in historic times the pirate states of Morocco and Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, gradually emerged.

Of these communities history has not one good word to say. In these fair lands, once illustrious for the genius and virtues of a

Hannibal and the profound philosophy of St. Augustine, there grew up the most terrible despotisms ever known to the world. The things done daily by the robber sovereigns were such as to make a civilized imagination recoil with horror. One of these cheerful creatures, who reigned in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was called Muley Abdallah, especially prided himself on his peculiar skill in mounting a horse. Resting his left hand upon the horse's neck, as he sprang into the saddle he simultaneously swung the sharp scimitar in his right hand so deftly as to cut off the head of the groom who held the bridle. From his behavior in these sportive moods one may judge what he was capable of on serious occasions. He was a fair sample of the Barbary monarchs.

The foreign policy of these wretches are summed up in piracy and blackmail. Their corsairs

swept the Mediterranean and ventured far out upon the ocean, capturing merchant vessels, and murdering or enslaving their crews. Of the rich booty, a fixed proportion was paid over to the robber sovereign, and the rest was divided among the gang. So lucrative was this business that it attracted hardy ruffians from all parts of Europe, and the misery they inflicted upon mankind during four centuries was beyond calculation. One of their favorite practices was the kidnapping of eminent or wealthy persons, in the hope of extorting ransom. Cervantes and Vincent de Paul were among the celebrated men who thus tasted the horrors of Moorish slavery; but it was a calamity that might fall to the lot of any man or woman, and it was but rarely that the victims ever regained their freedom.

Against these pirates the governments of Europe contended in vain. Swift cruisers frequently captured their ships, and from the days of Joan of Arc down to the days of Napoleon their skeletons swung from long rows of gibbets on all the coasts of Europe, as a terror and a warning. But their losses were easily repaired, and sometimes they cruised in fleets of seventy or eighty sail, defying the navies of England and France. It was not until after England, in Nelson's time, had acquired supremacy in the Mediterranean that this dreadful scourge was destroyed. Americans, however, have just ground for pride in recollecting that their government was foremost in chastising these pirates in their own harbors. The exploits of our little navy in the Mediterranean at the beginning of the present century form an interesting episode in American his-

tory, but in the weak days of confederation our commerce was plundered with impunity, and American citizens were seized and sold into slavery in the markets of Algiers and Tripoli. One reason for the long survival of this villainy was the low state of humanity among European nations. An Englishman's sympathy was but feebly aroused by the plunder of Frenchmen, and the bigoted Spaniard looked on with approval so long as it was Protestants that were kidnapped and bastinadoed. In 1783 Lord Sheffield published a pamphlet on the commerce of the United States, in which he shamelessly declared that the Barbary pirates were really useful to the great maritime powers, because they tended to keep the weaker nations out of their share in the carrying trade. This, he thought, was a valuable offset to the Empress Catharine's device of the armed neutrality, whereby small nations were protected; and on this wicked theory, as Franklin tells us, London merchants had been heard to say that "if there were no Algiers, it would be worth England's while to build one." It was largely because of such feelings that the great states of Europe so long persisted in the craven policy of paying blackmail to the robbers, instead of joining in a crusade and destroying them.

In 1786 Congress felt it necessary to take measures for protecting the lives and liberties of American citizens. The person who called himself "Emperor" of Morocco at that time was different from most of his kind. He had a taste for reading, and had thus caught a glimmering of the enlightened liberalism which French philosophers were preaching. He

wished to be thought a benevolent despot, and with Morocco, accordingly, Congress succeeded in making a treaty. But nothing could be done with the other pirate states without paying blackmail. Few scenes in our history are more amusing, or more irritating, than the interview of John Adams with an envoy from Tripoli in London. The oily-tongued barbarian, with his soft voice and his bland smile, asseverating that his only interest in life was to do good and make other people happy, stands out in fine contrast with the blunt, straightforward, and truthful New Englander; and their conversation reminds one of the old story of Cœur-de-Lion with his curtal-axe and Saladin with the blade that cut the silken cushion. Adams felt sure that the fellow was either saint or devil, but could not quite tell which. The envoy's love for mankind was so great that he could not bear the thought of hostility between the Americans and the Barbary States, and he suggested that everything might be happily arranged for a million dollars or so. Adams thought it better to fight than to pay tribute. It would be cheaper in the end, as well as more manly. At the same time, it was better economy to pay a million dollars at once than waste many times that sum in war risks and loss of trade. But Congress could do neither one thing nor the other. It was too poor to build a navy, and too poor to buy off the pirates; and so for several years to come American ships were burned and American sailors enslaved with utter impunity. With the memory of such wrongs deeply graven in his heart, it was natural that John Adams, on becoming President of the

United States, should bend all his energies to founding a strong American navy.—*John Fiske in July Atlantic.*

A New Nebula.

The Paris observatory has in successful working order an ingenious and effective apparatus for celestial photography. Messrs. Paul and Prosper Henry, able and earnest workers at the observatory, photographed, by means of this apparatus, the well-known cluster of stars called the Pleiades, on the 16th of last November. Greatly to their surprise, a new nebula made its appearance on the photographic plate. This wonderful agent pictured an object which their closest observation through the large telescope of the Paris observatory failed to detect. In order to make assurance doubly sure, the cluster was photographed three times subsequently, on the 8th and 9th of December and on the 8th of January. The result was always the same. The nebula was plainly discerned in the photograph, and refused to appear to the eye of the observer in the telescope.

The Messrs. Henry have published a drawing of the new nebula. It has a curious and wierd appearance. It seems to start from Maia, one of the seven sisters of the group, moving at first towards the west and then turning suddenly toward the north and at last fading into invisibility, and at a distance of about three seconds from the star. A more distinct and ill-defined portion of the nebula makes its way to the south. The nebula is very intense and takes on a plainly marked spiral form, bearing a resemblance

to a grotesque and one-sided solar corona, and suggesting the great nebula of Orion on a small scale.

The discovery of the nebula in the Pleiades has revived the memory of mysterious objects that have been seen from time to time among the stars of this group. In 1779 Jeurat published a chart of the Pleiades on which a nebula appears near the star Atlas. In 1859 Tempel discovered a nebula in the same cluster, near the star Merope, which was seen by several other observers. Both of these nebulæ have disappeared, and the nebula discovered by the Henrys occupies an entirely different place apparently branching out from Maia. Three, therefore, of the stars composing the Pleiades either are or have been surrounded by nebulous masses.

The most interesting fact concerning the new nebula is that related by Prof. Pickering, of the Harvard college observatory. A photograph of the Pleiades was taken at the observatory on the 3rd of November that developed certain irregularities. It was exhibited on the 10th of the same month at the Albany meeting of the National Academy of Sciences. These irregularities were discussed, and supposed to be due to defects in the photographic process. The photographs have been re-examined since the discovery of the Henrys. One of the irregularities so closely corresponds to the new nebula that no doubt can exist in regard to its origin. It must represent light photographically perceptible in the vicinity of Maia. The other markings on the Cambridge photograph have acquired a new interest. There seems to be indications of nebulous light about Merope, and a faint, narrow streak of light pro-

jecting from one side of Electra. Thus our American astronomers came near winning the honor that was won thirteen days later by Paris astronomers. Although the Messrs. Henry have thus far been unable to detect the new nebula by the aid of the telescope, other astronomers have been more successful. M. Perrotin, of the observatory of Nice, where the atmospheric conditions are far more favorable than in Paris, announces that he has seen the famous new nebula. The observation was made February 28th, and the feat was accomplished by masking of Maia. The nebula was again observed March 3rd and 4th, not only by M. Perrotin, but by his companions, Messrs. Thellou and Carlois.

The importance of photography in exploring the heavens can not be too highly appreciated. It is claimed that with the telescope now in use the human eye can detect no stars smaller than those of the fourteenth magnitude. Photography then can pierce to depth of space beyond the power of the sense of sight. What wonders may be developed through its agency in the future! Mapping the starry heavens is but one department of astronomical photography, but its value words may not calculate. The astronomers of the closing portion of the nineteenth century are thus enabled to bequeath to those who come after them an exact picture of the starlit sky. When these maps are referred to one hundred years, or even fifty years hence, every departure from the records, every disappearance of a star, every appearance of a new star, and every change of position will mark the occurrence of some stupendous event in the economy of the mate-

rial universe. Observation piled upon observation is the only means by which at present the inhabitants of this little planet may hope to discover the secrets now hidden in the star depths.—*Providence Journal*.

The Quicksand.

"It sometimes happens," writes a French author, "on certain coasts that a man,—traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer,—it is glue.

"The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand fleas continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The

sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror, that *he is caught in the quicksand*, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

"He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable and impossible to slacken or hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet, which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth, while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

"Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust.

"He raises his arm, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises.

The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shut them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, and disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."

The History of the British Flag.

We are all familiar with the white, blue and red ensigns, and with the Union Jack which occupies the upper quarter nearest the flagstaff. The white ensign has the red cross of St. George in addition to the Union Jack. Without the Jack this white ensign with a red cross represents our old national flag as it existed from the time of Richard I. until the death of Elizabeth. This red cross flag, the banner of St. George, appears to have been chosen by the Soldier King in honor of the saint who was the patron of soldiers. It remained for more than 400 years the flag under which the English warriors fought on land and on sea. When James VI. of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth the Scotch had a national flag. That also was a cross, but it was shaped differently from that of St. George, and was known as the cross of St. Andrew. The ground of the Scotch flag was blue, and its cross was white.

To mark the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign the national banner underwent a change, although Scotland still

retained its separate Parliament. In the new flag the two banners of Scotland and England were united. There appeared in it the oblique white cross of St. Andrew on a blue ground, and the red cross of St. George on a white margin, worked in the blue field. The King was accustomed to sign his name in the French form of James, "Jacques." He was, in fact, the Union Jacques, or, as we improperly pronounce it, Jack. For local purposes the Scotch still continued to use the white St. Andrew's cross on the blue field, and the English the red cross on the white field. It was stated by Royal Proclamation, in 1606, that "whereas some difference hath arisen between our subjects of South and North Britain, traveling by seas, about the bearing of their flags; for the avoiding of all such contentions hereafter, we have, with the advice of our Council, ordered that from henceforth all our subjects of this Isle and Kingdom of Great Britain, and the members thereof, shall bear in their maintop the Red Cross, commonly called St. George's Cross, and the White Cross, commonly called St. Andrew's Cross, joined together," "and in their foretop our subjects of South Britain shall wear the Red Cross only, as they were wont; and our subjects of North Britain in their foretop the White Cross only, as they were accustomed."

In 1707, when the Scotch and English Legislatures were united, the distinctive flags ceased to be used, and the united flags as arranged in 1606 became the single ensign for the United Kingdom. It was the sovereign that made the union and established the national flag, and an establishment of distinct legislatures again would

not alter the flag. Ireland would take presumably for its local ensign the Red Cross of St. Patrick. This Irish banner ought to have appeared in the Union flag of 1606, but it did not. Ireland had no distinct recognition in the Union flag until 1801, when the Irish and British Legislatures were united. At that date the Union Jack underwent a further change, and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick on a white field was introduced. Since that date the Union Jack has shown the red cross and white margin, recalling the banner of St. George; the white diagonal and blue field of St. Andrew's banner; and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick, showing over the white diagonal cross of the Scotch banner. The blue ground of the Jack is therefore due to Scotland and the red and white as crosses and margins to England and to Ireland.—*London Daily News*.

Icebergs at Sea.

Fortunately for the mariner, ice reveals itself in the densest fog or amidst the heaviest snow-storm by the change of the temperature in its vicinity. A thermometer will fall as much as four degrees to windward of an iceberg, and two degrees lower yet to leeward. Indeed, experienced shipmasters assert that the thermometer will not only indicate the approach of a ship toward ice, but the amount of ice to be met with. An instance is given of a captain passing two icebergs, the temperature of the water being forty-four and that of the air forty-two degrees. When ten degrees nearer to the Equator the same man passed thirty-nine icebergs, the thermometer show-

ing thirty-five in water and thirty-six in air. It will thus be seen that the temperature was eight or nine degrees lower, although the ship was between five and six hundred miles closer to the Line, and at a point where the mean temperature would be ten degrees higher. Experienced seamen will often detect the adjacency of ice by the faculty of smell. A ship full of passengers once narrowly escaped destruction, thanks to the keen nostrils of her chief officer. She was off the Horn, running before a gale of wind. It was snowing heavily, so that it was difficult at moments to catch a sight of the forward part of the vessel. Two of the best men in the ship's company were stationed on the lookout; the chief mate was at the break of the poop, and the captain stood near the wheel. On a sudden the mate began to sniff, and, turning rapidly, he called to the captain that he could smell ice. There was a pause while the ship continued to storm along, but the mate, once more sniffing vehemently, turned eagerly to the captain, and cried again that he was sure that there was ice in the neighborhood. He had scarcely said this when a loud and fearful cry of "Ice right ahead!" resounded from the half-obscurd forecastle, and the helm of the ship was shifted just in time to enable her to go clear of a gigantic iceberg, which leaped like a newly created island upon the sight, out of the whirling mist and snow. In this case it was calculated that the berg was between two and three miles distant when the officer of the watch detected its presence, to which must be added the circumstance of the mate being to windward.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

EPH. VI, 11, 12.

A legend tells that Satan sought,
From servants gathered at his court,
To know who most of ill had wrought.

He gave to them his kingly vow,
That crown should grace the hero's brow,
And all to him in homage bow.

From North and South from East and West,
His servants came at his behest,
Of honor such as this, in quest.

One told of Christians, who, he said,
Had to the martyr's stake been led,
And now were numbered with the dead.

Then from that multitude the cry
Of hellish hate went up on high,
That Christians for their Lord should die.

Another told a different tale;
He had dispatched the furious gale,
In vessel shrouds her doom to wail.

And just in sight of heathen shore,
To which they Jesus' Gospel bore,
They had gone down to rise no more.

Again went up that cry of hate,
That blood alone could satiate,—
That Christians should meet such a fate.

A third arose with humble mien;
Such sights as these he had not seen;
'Twas his in common fields to glean.

One single youth,—an artless boy,—
His mother's life, and hope and joy,—
Long had he labored to destroy.

Tempted with gold, 'twas all in vain;
Integrity he did maintain,
And theft by his strong arm was slain.

Impurity in thought and deed,—
To this he sought the youth to lead;
But unto him he gave no heed.

At last, through woman's sweetest smile,—
One who to him was free from guile,—
He caught him in the wine-glass wile.

Since that first glass, long years had fled,
And, as they silently had sped,
Down, step by step that youth he led.

Not gold to-day would tempt his greed,
But in the drunkard's awful need,
He'd do, for liquor, any deed.

Impure in act, in thought, in word,
In blasphemy his voice oft heard,
As passion's blast his black soul stirred.

His mother's heart broke years ago!
No longer friends or family know
The man who is his own worst foe.

Bloated and bleared, a loathsome sight,
The slave of hellish appetite,
He seeks his bane by day and night.

A silence deep, an awe profound,
An admiration without bound,
Had hushed in hell, the slightest sound.

But, as he paused, the wild fierce yell
Of those who knew themselves this hell,
Rose with the mighty thunder's swell:

"Crown him our king, his deed of woe
Shall down to latest ages go,
And seeds of sin and suffering sow."

*Touch not ! taste not ! O, youth, the wine,
Avoiding Satan's deep design
To demons make of man divine.*

John E. Hurlbut.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

FROM A VETERAN—WHAT TO DO FOR THE MASTER.

BY G. S. C., AGED EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"I find in your LOAN LIBRARY WORK, a pleasure and a profit. Now eighty-five years old I cannot preach, cannot labor, and half blind, half deaf and have not half a voice. Here comes in an unpleasant experience,—

"Absence from occupation is not rest,—
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

To live and be a drone, to live

and do nothing, be nothing, is not pleasant but painful. Why do such ones live? and many times suffer for years? I have seen some cases of this which are painful to think of.

"This is not my case, for which I thank God daily. He has given me a little competence and so freed the church from taking care of me, and has given me the grace

to do what I can for His church,—for his poor ministers,—and to preach the Gospel of Christ, or help preach it. I thank Him for the money and the grace to use it for Him.

“Not much money, perhaps,—about what Agur prayed for,—‘neither poverty or riches,’—so that after an economical livelihood I can preach the Gospel to the sailor,—to a class of men who have in the past been thought hardly worth saving. And what is more, can preach to him better sermons than I ever preached myself.—BAXTER and BUNYAN, WESLEY and WHITFIELD, SPURGEON and HALL, and a host of other good preachers, are willing to go and do their best, if they can only have their expenses borne. All they ask is to be welcomed and taken care of and they will teach everything profitable to know and invite inquiry on his part, from the learner.

“So I was quite relieved from a moody, half dissatisfied, gloomy state of mind when this thought occurred to me. I was living in vain, doing nothing, dying by piecemeal. I expected to have been dead ten years ago and here I was half-alive, useless, and how much longer to remain in this dead and alive state?

“In reading of the LOAN LIBRARY WORK of your Society, the thought came to me as new,—‘Here is a way I can preach the Gospel, without eyes or ears or voice. Forty dollars will send two Libraries of over seventy volumes of all-important truths upon every subject of importance;—God and His laws, His Providence, His character, His word and His works;—man’s character and conduct, the plan of salvation as shown in the Gospel, all that may be known

of heaven and hell, and man’s future state.

“‘They have in them the true Gospel, the doctrines with many noble examples and illustrations from biography, from history, and anecdotes. And then what an audience to preach to,—the officers and seamen of a great nation, many of them standing head and shoulders ‘higher than any of the people,’ and the thousands in the merchant service. If not lost they will preach to more and preach for a longer period of time than our most favored ministers.’

“What was I thinking in my moodiness? Nothing to do? The mind cherishing a falsehood and made unhappy by it! Ah! we all have something to do, if we will do it! It is not a mistake with God that we live, but it is our mistake if we live in vain. Every one can do something to glorify God;—if he can do nothing else he can suffer patiently, the best and hardest service we can perform and one acceptable to God.”

A Tribute in Memory of James A. Cochran.

We cannot allow the death of JAMES A. COCHRAN to pass without further notice. Born and reared in Nashua he had many friends, readers of the *Telegraph*, in distant parts of our land who will be pained to know of his decease. Of three brothers he is the last to go. Henry and Joseph have preceded him, mourned by many friends of “early Nashua.” In early life both Joseph and James developed a love for the ocean, and both became seamen, making many voyages to distant lands. The subject of our sketch early entered the navy and served faithfully for twenty years, being in

many battles and belonging to that class of tars who gave fame to our ships of war during the rebellion. He was also in a relief expedition to the northern seas, we think, to rescue Dr. Kane. Brave as a lion, no danger ever appalled him, and his long service endeared him to the most prominent officers in our service, to whom his abilities as a perfect seaman are well known. A few years ago he and Joseph, who were tenderly attached to each other as brothers, bought a farm in Hudson, proposing to spend their declining years in peace after the hardships of so many years of sea

life. "No topsails to reef this winter, Jo," said James on taking possession of their quiet home. Alas, Joseph soon succumbed to disease, and from that hour James mourned his loss, saying in his quaint way that he cared little how soon he heard the "beat to quarters" that he might join him. Good by to Joe and Jim. You have done your country good service, and deserve a better recognition than this. Green may the grass grow above you, as your memory will be kept green by those who knew you best.—*K., in Nashua, N. H., Telegraph.*

A Challenge Declined.

Captain Hall's grave on the northernmost verge of Greenland was a challenge to English explorers to regain their pre-eminence in Arctic discovery. The expedition of 1875-'76 was organized for the purpose of making a closer approach to the North Pole than had been recorded in the log of the American ship *Polaris*. In this respect it was entirely successful. The *Alert* went beyond Captain Hall's farthest point and her sledging parties penetrated to the highest latitude that had been reached by man. For six years the prestige of this magnificent feat placed England in the van of Arctic discovery; and then the honor of making the farthest North was reclaimed by two American soldiers, Lockwood and Brainard. In following the coast of Greenland several hundred miles beyond Hall's lonely grave, they renewed the challenge to English explorers "to beat the American record."

The British Association, through its geographical section, deprecates the immediate acceptance of this challenge. Instead of favoring a renewal of Arctic operations by English expeditions, it has thrown the weight of its influence on the side of Antarctic exploration. At Aber-

deen a year ago, and recently at Birmingham, it has sought to divert the attention of explorers from the North to the South Pole. An influential committee has been formed for the purpose of encouraging Antarctic research and defining the scientific objects to be accomplished in the Southern frozen ocean. Sir Erasmus Ommanney, the gallant British Admiral, who as chairman of the geographical section welcomed Lieutenant Greely to the Montreal meeting, is one of the leaders of this movement and is exerting his influence strongly in favor of the abandonment of the Arctic field. He argues that since the physical conditions associated with the two frigid zones are at variance in several mysterious aspects, great additions to the stock of human knowledge can be made by English explorers following in the track of Sir James Ross and the *Challenger* expedition. No ship, he points out, has ever wintered within the Antarctic circle. If an expedition were to approach the South Pole with the aid of steam propulsion, it would not only make a marked advance upon Sir James Ross's farthest, but it would also secure important scientific observations and furnish the means for comparing physical phenomena presenting themselves in opposite polar regions.

This movement in favor of Antarctic exploration is advocated by two ex-presidents of the Royal Geographical Society as well as by the leaders in the geographical section of the British Association. At the Birmingham meeting cause was

shown by two eminent scientific authorities for repeating Sir James Ross's survey in terrestrial magnetism and for extending to higher latitudes the valuable series of *Challenger* observations in oceanic physical geography. It may not be difficult for the scientific world to define the objects to be gained by such an expedition and to set forth various positive advantages that will warrant the expense to be incurred. But in the absence of the honorable feeling of international rivalry which has distinguished Arctic research and adventure, it will be a laborious undertaking to interest the English public in the problems of Antarctic navigation. There is no challenge in that quarter to national pride. Those grim sentinels, Erebus and Terror, were last seen by English eyes, and national prestige does not require that the long pause in Antarctic exploration should be broken. In the far North English pluck has been outstripped.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Monarchs of the Sea.

Ocean travel is rapidly changing, and the steamboat is improving as fast as the railroad train. The first ocean steamer was built near New York in 1819, and she made a trip across the Atlantic one year later. She was named the *Savannah*; she was of 380 tons burden, and when she came into Liverpool, after a passage of twenty-five days, she was the wonder of all the world. The big ocean steamship of to-day is from 4,000 to 8,000 tons, and she makes her passage from New York to Queenstown in from six days and a few hours to twelve or thirteen days. Some ship-owners now assert that the passage across the Atlantic will soon be made in four days, and the engineer of this vessel tells me that fast ocean travel is fully as safe, though more expensive, than slow travel. The coal consumed by the seven days' steamers, is nearly three times as much as that consumed by the ten days' steamers, and fuel is one of the largest items in the cost of steamship travel. Some of the fast Cunard steamers burn 340 tons of coal a day, whereas the *City of Richmond*, of about the same size, but a ten days' steamer, requires only from 100 to 110 tons per day. It costs about \$5 a ton to buy this coal and put it in the furnaces of the ship's engines, so that the differ-

ence between the seven days' and the ten days' steamers in the cost of coal alone is over \$1,000 per day. Can you appreciate how much 300 tons of coal a day means? Fifteen tons of coal is a yearly allowance for a small family in an eight-room house. The daily consumption of the *Etruria* would keep twenty such families for a year, and the 1,300 tons which this ship carries on each trip would more than supply a village of eighty families for that time. The coal used here is slack. It is stored in great vaults, and fifty-four men are required to put it in the furnaces. * * * Last year over 280,000 steerage passengers were brought to America, which, at \$20, would make \$5,600,000 paid out by emigrants to the steamship companies. Of these 68,000, in round numbers, came by the North German Lloyd from Bremen, and twenty odd thousand each by the Red Star, White Star and Inman lines. The Cunard carried only 16,000, and the other great lines less. The North German Lloyd leads the ships of the world as an American emigrant line, but this is probably due to the fact that the bulk of emigrants come from the German countries.—*Frank G. Carpenter, quoted in PUBLIC OPINION*.

Concerning Steamship Firemen.

Various lines of inquiry in the gathering of facts connected with the condition and needs of firemen upon ocean-going steamers are to be thoroughly investigated before effective measures of reform can be brought into operation, but the following utterances, at hand since the issue of the September MAGAZINE, are submitted as in one way and another attesting the interest already excited and expressed in view of what has lately been printed upon the subject, in our pages, and elsewhere.

PIGEON COVE, Mass., August 29th, 1886.

"Please keep up the agitation about the steamer firemen. Can you not bring the matter to the notice of the daily papers, such as the *Tribune*, *Times*, etc.? The suggestion made, I think, in the August number of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, that the hold where the furnaces are can be provided with ventilating

shafts or ventilating machines of some sort, and that this shall be compulsory, seems a good one. I cut the enclosed from the *Tribune* of August 27th. Does any one doubt why this man committed suicide?

"Do not let this matter rest. How gladly would many help about it, if they knew how, or had influence!

M. J. A."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 27th, 1886.

"The ship-fireman is an unfortunate slave. God help him! I am glad the battle for his freedom has begun. Let him be told that his redemption draweth nigh! I have been down in those fiery depths where he suffers and dies. I know his history. He is smuggled on board. He is lowered to the bottom. He is set to work feeding the furnaces. 'Not here!' he says, in dismay. 'Yes, here.' 'But I cannot endure this heat.' The answer is a threat, or a blow. He tries to do his best, but his strength fails. He staggers, and faints. He protests he can endure it no longer. He is taken up into the awful presence of the purser. 'Fine him,' says the purser. He is taken back. He gives out again. Up once more to the purser. 'Put him in irons, he is shamming. We will teach the scoundrel.' Oh, it is a sad history.

"I assure you you are not beating the air, but are fighting a real enemy. And never was more righteous war waged. If you strike hard and often enough you will knock off the shackles of the slave. Corporations may not have souls, but they have ribs, and kicks may succeed where hints fail. This abuse must go down before the whirlwind of public sentiment.

Yours truly,
T. B. McL."

From Bourne's New York Letter in Boston Congregationalist, Sept. 2nd.

"The hard lot of the steamship firemen receives a new illustration. The North German Lloyd steamer *Donau*, arriving yesterday, reports that two days ago a coal heaver came up from the ship's lower world, and, walking to the rail, deliberately plunged into the sea. The attempts to rescue failed. He was maddened by heat. Competent judges affirm that there is nothing impracticable in the proper ventilation of the furnace room. Whatever the difficulties, one thing is easy,

namely, the employment of more men and the reduction of the fireman's watch from four hours to two. In the name of humanity let this be done at once!

From F. G. Carpenter's Foreign Letter quoted in PUBLIC OPINION, Oct. 2nd.

"The ship (Cunard S. S. *Etruria*) has twenty-seven furnaces, each of which is as big around as a ton of hay on a farmer's wagon and about twice as long. They are away down in the bottom of the ship, and as I crept in and out among them, by the aid of the chief engineer and his lantern, and saw the blaze of their entrances, felt the consuming heat of their surroundings, and talked with the sweaty, sooty men who were kept at them all day shoveling coal, Dante's Inferno did not seem very far off, and Hades was personified before me. The faster steamers have 100 men to attend to their furnaces. They must be kept going night and day, and the labor is very hard. The furnaces are so hot that the men must drink great quantities of water, and here they mix the water with oat-meal, and each man consumes gallons daily. This is necessary to keep up the perspiration. In such a heat if a man cannot sweat he will die."

From N. Y. Independent, Sept. 16th.

"We are very glad to see the SAILORS' MAGAZINE persistent in so excellent a cause, and one so preëminently its own, as that of ameliorating the condition of stokers in our trans-Atlantic steamers. The case of one of these unfortunates on the North German Lloyd steamer *Donau* illustrates their misery. Maddened by the heat he came up from the furnace, walked to the rail, and deliberately plunged into the sea. These firemen work for four hours at a stretch, shoveling coal into the furnaces, in a room at a temperature of from 135 to 175 degrees Fahrenheit, and then lie off for eight hours. Work in such a temperature speedily kills them. Now we do not ask impossibilities. Trade must go on if men must suffer and die; but here is a case in which it is not easy to believe that this suffering is necessary. It is first a question whether there cannot be ventilation down in that fire-hole. There is no evident reason why cool air cannot be forced there as

well as anywhere else, and we believe that a law requiring it would find ways of being obeyed. If this were impossible, then the hours of labor should be reduced. It is not improbable that some mechanical device might be found for feeding the fires other than brute and brutalizing manual labor. At any rate, we trust the agitation will be kept up until the evil is corrected. Let those seeking pleasure abroad go down below and see what is the living death of those whose duty it is to feed the fires."

H. HAGEMANN, a coal trimmer on the North German Lloyd steamer *Donau*, which arrived yesterday from Bremen, came up from below at 4 p. m. on Aug. 24th, and walking to the side of the vessel deliberately plunged overboard. An unsuccessful attempt was made to save the man. It is supposed that Hagemann was temporarily insane, owing to his having become overheated.—*N. Y. Times*.

THOMAS CLARK, a Scotch coal passer on the National steamer *Egypt*, which

arrived from Liverpool yesterday, disappeared at midnight on July 30th, when the vessel was in latitude 48° and longitude 19°. Clark is supposed to have jumped overboard while insane. He was 40 years old.—*N. Y. Times*, Aug. 27th.

JOHN SPARE, an engineer of the steamer *Eros*, that arrived from Hamburg yesterday, is supposed to have fallen overboard on August 29th. He was on deck early in the morning of that day, but was not seen afterward.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Sept. 15th.

To these items we may add that not many weeks since a young Swede, with eyes nearly ruined during a single passage across the Atlantic in which he served as a coal-heaver, presented himself at the rooms of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and made a sad exhibition of the effects of the burning and foul air in which his work had been performed.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

On the recommendation of Pastor HANSEN of the Lutheran church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently returned from Christiania, a special grant was made to our missionary there, Mr. O. M. LEVORDSON, to enable him to procure suitable accommodations for his increasing sailor congregations.

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Chaplain THOMPSON is gratified and thankful upon hearing from the Rooms of the Society that our Board of Trustees have voted to aid his "Bethel Fund."

We quote:—

"I need not say my heart is too full for utterance. Be so kind as to express to the Board my deep-felt gratitude for their very generous vote. I thank God and I thank the brethren for this great blessing. I feel now that the success of this mission is insured, financially. And I can but believe it is of God, and that He will add His benediction to all our efforts. This action of the Board has lifted a great load from my heart, and I go to my work now as if I were on wings."

Writing Sept. 3rd, he says:—

"My work goes on with regularity, and I trust is owned of God. Sabbath congregations continue large, with best of attention given to the sermon by the sailor lads."

At Ports in the United States.

Maine.

ALONG THE COAST.

Captain G. W. LANE, of the Congregational S. S. and Publication Society, says

the *Congregationalist* of Sept. 23rd, now engaged in missionary work along the coast, organized during the month of August five Sunday Schools, one each at

North Cutler, Beal's Island, Mason's Bay, Addison Point, and Harwood Point, with a total membership of 305. Four other schools have been visited, meetings held at eight places, addresses made and books and tracts given away at nearly every station. Captain Lane has done much to alleviate the destitution of the people. Clothing and food are sorely needed, and anything in this line sent to him at Deer Isle, Me., will be gratefully received and distributed.

PORTLAND.

The *Bethel Flag* for September, published by the sons of chaplain SOUTHWORTH, said:—"We are getting twelve new book-cases for Sailor's Libraries, which will bring our number up to 418."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

We print as found in the *N. Y. Evangelist*:—"The 'World's Tabernacle' is the name of a new institution located at the North End, and looking to the welfare of sailors. The locality is occupied on three sides by wharves and vessels, and is connected by bridges and ferries with Cambridge, Charlestown, Chelsea, and East and South Boston. There are on an average 16,000 people in that one ward, made up largely of Hibernians, Italians, Swedes, and Portuguese. It is estimated that not less than 70,000 seamen from all parts of the world visit this district annually, and seek such fare as they can find by day and night, and such social and religious privileges as friends may help them to. To this work the new society will address itself. New buildings are to be erected, and the Trustees are North End men who will reside, associate, and worship with the people who are to be benefited."

The BOSTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, Captain S. S. NICKERSON, chaplain, is doing good work this summer at headquarters, No. 175 Hanover street. Many sailors have been aided with food, shelter and clothing. This morning a sailor, who got into bad company, was sent to sea with a good suit of clothes. He was boarded by the Society for several days,

and left, promising to turn over a new leaf and amend his ways. The missionary boats, *Messenger* and *Nathan A. Fitch*, have been used in the harbor for the distribution of temperance tracts and other literature, and visiting the ships at anchor, since the first of May. A sick sailor died last week who was supported all last winter by the above Society. He was a very worthy man and was converted under the preaching of the late PHINEAS STOWE. Many instances could be cited of practical work. Cast-off clothing is needed all the year round for sick men coming from the hospitals and for destitute seamen.—*Traveler, Aug. 23rd.*

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., reporting, Oct. 1st, for the previous three months, writes as follows:—

"My labor for the past three months has been continued as usual, but not so encouragingly as at other times. Our meeting held at the HOME has not been so well attended as desired, owing to the small number of seamen in port during the summer months. Still the seed has been sown, efforts made, and prayers offered to Him who alone can, and must give the increase, and to whom we ascribe all the glory. We trust that the bread thus cast "upon the waters, shall be found, though it be after many days."

An Old Debt Paid.

"Of this, we have had many proofs in the past. One of them was the case of a young man, an American, who came to the HOME in the beginning of the month of September and inquired for me. He was neatly dressed, and very polite both in manner and conversation. On entering the reading-room where he was waiting, he asked if I knew him, I told him I did not,—he said that he was once a sailor and boarded at the HOME, he thought it might be some twelve years ago, but since then he had given up going to sea, and was now doing business on land, and that when he went away those years ago, he owed a debt for board and clothing to Mr. ALEXANDER, which

he was not able to pay then, but now, he said,—‘I am able, and I have come to settle the account with interest.’ He spoke also of the kindness received, both spiritual and temporal, during his stay with us, which he had never forgotten.

“I introduced him to the Superintendent, who had not the slightest recollection of him, or that he owed him anything. The young man paid his debt, with thanks, and I have no doubt is a true Christian.

“There is reason to think that many others like this young man mentioned have left the HOME from time to time, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, who in after years have been led to true conversion.

Visitation—A Sailor's Letter.

“Besides my usual visitation of vessels and sailor boarding-houses, I have made 220 visits to poor and sick families, chiefly seamen's, in which through the kindness of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY I have aided many who were in need. I have also made nine visits to hospitals, where I have conversed and prayed with sick seamen,—during the month of August I officiated at eight funerals, five of which were seamen's. Seamen have been supplied with reading matter, and Bibles and Testaments in various languages, and we have had many interesting letters from different parts of the world, speaking of the good received during their stay at the HOME. I append one of these:—

“ROCKPORT, Me., 3rd Aug., '86.

“*Dear Bro. in Christ:*—Your welcome letter dated July 8th, I received in Portland. J— D— is no longer on board. He got sick and had to go to the hospital, but is out of the hospital now, and I don't know where he went to. We are only three on board, now;—the other three ran away here with five dollars advance.

Helped in Difficulties—Wants Prayer.

“The other two are wicked and serve the Devil. I have much to go through with and suffer,—but thank God, He helps me and strengthens me. I am praying to Him for my shipmates, that He will send them His Holy Spirit. I am glad, that I have such a good friend in Jesus, to whom I can come when I feel lonely and the world looks dark. Please pray for me, in the prayer-meeting in the morning. We are going down to

Galveston with ice, and from there to the West Indies after sugar for New York. I will be glad to see you in that city, again, if God will, if not I hope we shall meet in heaven. Please write to me at Galveston, and if there should be any letters for me in the HOME, be kind to send them to me. Give my best respects to George and tell him where I am going to;—he might send me a few words. From your dear brother,

E. B.”

Mr. CHRISTIAN PEDERSON, a Dane, for ten years a sailor, converted eight years ago in Belfast, Ireland, when on a Danish vessel, and at present a highly esteemed member of the Presbyterian “Church of the Sea and Land,” of this city, was, upon satisfactory recommendation, recently appointed a sailor-missionary for this port, in place of Mr. JAMES SMITH, resigned.

BROOKLYN—U. S. NAVY YARD.

Chaplain E. N. CRANE's report for the three months ending September 30th, is given nearly in full:—

“The quarter just closed has brought us a considerably larger number of seamen and a proportionately increased attendance at our religious services at Cob Dock Chapel. Some of our meetings have been more than usually interesting with precious testimonies of the power of saving grace.

“On the other hand the number of men in the Marine Barracks has, by repeated drafts for several ships going into commission and an unusually small quota of recruits to take their place, fallen off to a much smaller force than at any time during my nearly three years' duty here. Attendance at Barracks' meetings have, of course, been equally diminished, yet they have been regularly continued with the aid of Bros. BISHOP and HUNTINGTON and other Y. M. C. A. brethren, and with encouraging evidence of spiritual profit.

“Our U. S. Naval Temperance Union continues to prosper, with meetings fully attended. Pointed and effective addresses have been made by chaplain J. D. BUEGLER of the U. S. Flagship *Brooklyn*, and Lieut. A. V. WADHAMS of the U. S. S. *Essex*, and others, and musical and elocutionary entertainments by other Brooklyn

friends of seamen,—both ladies and gentlemen,—have added greatly to the attraction and interest of the meetings. Seventy-three new members increase the roll of the Union to 1,360.

“The distribution of reading-matter during the quarter has amounted to 12,000 pages of tracts, 2,280 papers and magazines and 57 Bibles and Testaments and Psalms in various languages, and 2 ship's libraries. The Sailors' Coffee-house is still the sailors' beacon, outside the York St. gate. All signs seem favorable for onward progress in our work.”

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.

Chaplain SAMUEL KRAMER sends us printed commendation of his work for seamen at the U. S. Navy Yard, signed by various naval officers, and otherwise attested. The circular states that Rev. Mr. Kramer is an earnest worker among seamen,—he having followed the sea for many years, serving on the U. S. S. *Dolphin* and Frigate *Brandywine*, Commodore Jacob Jones, on her cruise in the Pacific Ocean in 1829, and other ships. Mr. Kramer, having entered the church, (P. E.) was ordained for the ministry, and espoused the cause of seamen. He has given more than fifty years' service in aiding to better their condition, the most of that time serving without pay, and using his own means in supporting their cause. He is highly recommended by the Bishop and Ministers of the church, and by all of the officers of the Navy who have known him in his work for the good of seamen. Mr. Kramer has undertaken to establish a Home and Safe Retreat for Seamen when they are on shore, where they can come and spend the time surrounded by good associations, being free from many of the evils and temptations that await them on shore,—and return to their vessels at the yard in due time without being under the influence of strong drink.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

“As I wrote a few weeks ago,” says chaplain J. B. MERRITT, “the summer work has been an improvement on the past;—and things will soon be better. Our first cotton steamer arrived a few days ago. Pray for me that this winter's

work may be greatly blessed of God. I enter on it with the earnest desire that it may bring showers of blessings.” The chaplain's report for the third quarter of the year shows domestic vessels visited, 579; foreign, 6; pages of tracts distributed, 5,900; magazines, 309; Bibles and Testaments, 31; papers, 750; services in Bethel, 26; services elsewhere, 6; visits to hospitals, 40; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 8; of others, 15.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at their meeting 29th September, upon an appeal to that end from the Charleston Port Society, appropriated the sum of \$250 toward the repair or rebuilding of the Sailor's Home and Bethel so seriously injured by the late earthquake.

Rev. S. W. HANKS, our Boston Secretary, advises us that he has received \$20 from a lady donor to the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, as a special gift towards the rebuilding of the Seamen's Bethel, lately destroyed by earthquake.

Florida.

PENSACOLA.

Dating October 2nd, Rev. H. S. YERGER wrote:—

“Before leaving for my vacation I visited every vessel that entered and that could be found. But the English speaking vessels were very few in number. Business in the bay has been very light all the summer. Our quarantine regulations will shortly be suspended, and then we look for large numbers of vessels. During the fall and winter I shall make it my duty to do all in my power for the seamen.”

Texas.

GALVESTON.

Chaplain A. PATTERSON wrote, October 5th:—

“The month of August and part of

September passed away quietly in this port, both in navigation and in other business. Everything seems to be resuming life, now. A good many English steamers are in the port, but very few sailing vessels, yet. I have visited and talked to sailors, and have found some, especially Englishmen on board of steamboats, willing to listen to what I had to say to them and to read the tracts that I gave them. I hope we may soon be able to witness marked results from our efforts.

"Our Port Society had its monthly meeting yesterday, and provided for the renovation of our Reading-Room, and the securing of some newspapers and monthlies from Sweden, Norway and Denmark. We have procured a supply of tracts and some additional testaments for distribution among sailors. The Society is in a prosperous condition, its members all good men, and much interest is kept up.

"We expect good results. God grant that from it good influence may be felt, not only in this port but in the different places where seafaring men go after having visited us. I have had letters from several sailors from other ports who have been here, and have been blest. Thank God for that. We hope for more good work this season of this kind."

Oregon.

ASTORIA.

Rev. J. McCORMAC, missionary, reported, October 1st:—

"You will see that by the goodness of God I have been enabled to continue my work without interruption for the past three months. My health although not entirely restored, is, thank God, considerably improved. Had I taken a short vacation as intended, I think it would have done me much good, but work of one kind or another pressed upon me all the time. We have never had more ships or sailors here than we have had in the last three months. In addition to this, Rev. Mr. HOIKKA, the Scandinavian minister, having left here, and his people being nearly all fishermen, they very naturally look to me as a supply, and call up-

on me quite frequently. In the last two months, from this source alone, I have had three baptisms, two funerals and seven marriages.

Abstaining from the Appearance of Evil.

"Last year I was in the habit of soliciting subscriptions in aid of my work from masters of vessels, but this year I have discontinued the custom altogether in consequence of the circulation of a slanderous report that I charged \$10 for every service I held on shipboard. I have come to the conclusion that it is better be pressed with poverty if God so wills, than to give the slightest occasion for such slanders. In the midst of such abounding irreligion and idolatry of the 'almighty dollar,' I esteem this not only an imperative duty but a privilege. I think I feel somewhat about this as St. Paul did when he exclaimed,—'No man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of Achaia.'

Ship Services.

"We have had some very interesting ship services lately. Three Sundays since, we had service on board the American ship *Wakefield*, Captain CROWELL, when there were nearly 100 present, and on Sunday week, on the same ship, fixed up beautifully by the good captain and his most amiable Christian wife. Such services and such friends are like oases in the desert, and more than make up for a great many disagreeable things in our work.

"Last Sunday I held service in the morning on board the British ship *Arthurstone* in the forecastle. There were about thirty sailors of the genuine 'rank and file,' present. They showed their appreciation of the service, not only by their presence, but by having everything in the forecastle as neat as a new pin,—nice seats all round, the floor scrubbed as white as marble, a handsome pulpit covered with blue cloth, and two miniature ships carved by the sailors' own hands, facing the pulpit, one representing the *Arthurstone* coming into port in ballast, and the other representing her departing for home heavily laden.

"In this service I was assisted by Mr. CARTER, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Seattle, W. T., one of the delegates to the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. held in Astoria last week. After Mr. Carter's short and pithy address, well suited to sailors, and a few

words of earnest exhortation, I asked all who believed in the Savior with all their hearts and trusted in Him alone for salvation, to signify the same by rising to their feet, when nearly all present testified their faith by promptly rising. I prefer this mode of testing their faith to asking them to rise for prayer, as being in my judgment more in accordance with the conduct and teaching of the Apostles. We were all very much pleased, and Bro. Carter said that when he returned to Seattle he would go right to work among sailors.

"In the afternoon at 4 o'clock we had another very interesting service for sailors on board the American ship *Cheney*. Everything seemed to favor this service also. The sun shone out brightly and Captain HUMPHREY did all in his power to make us comfortable. He threw his spacious and beautiful cabins open to us, but so great was the number present that not more than-half of them could find room, so that we were obliged to repair to the deck. By this time a large crowd had collected on the deck, drawn by the fame of the speakers and a young men's choir from Portland. After singing and prayer and the reading of a part of the 39th chapter of Genesis, Major HARDIE of Selma, Alabama, one of the Executive Committee of the National Association, delivered a short address on the character of Joseph. He was followed by Mr. MASON, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of California, and he by Mr. McCoy, General Secretary of the Association in San Francisco. These brethren were full of the spirit and set all our hearts on fire with their burning words. A lady present said to me on her way home,—'What a pity we hadn't such a service every Sunday!' and I thought so too.

Labors of the Y. M. C. A.

"The help rendered me in these ship services, however, was only a side issue of the Convention, but of course it is not my province or intention to go into any minute description of its real labor, and yet it is no more than due to say that it has done a grand work. All its meetings were characterized by a spirit of devout earnestness and have been seasons of refreshing for us all. At its closing service in the Opera House on Sunday evening, over 1,000 persons were present, and over \$600 were subscribed towards the payment of the salary of a General Secretary for the Association in Astoria for the coming year, which has since been raised to over \$1,000.

"We trust that God will send us the right young man for this position, as our young men of Astoria are sadly in need of such. The Portland Association, under the supervision of Mr. FROST, is doing a glorious work for young men, and now, at last, thank God! the way seems opened for a similar work in Astoria. May the good Lord hasten it in His time!"

Loan Library Work.

PRACTICAL AND VALUED TESTIMONY.

153 W. 47TH ST.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1886.

To American Seamen's Friend Society:—

Enclosed please find my check for \$40, which I send for the placing of two libraries on board vessels, for seamen's use. Believe me,

Yours truly,
J. W. A. NICHOLSON,
Rear Admiral U. S. N.

From The Christian Union, Sept. 23rd.

LOAN LIBRARIES OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

*Editors Christian Union:—*Professor Richardson's statement in his interesting article in your paper of August 26th, as to the number of volumes in 713 loan libraries sent to sea by this Society for the year ending March 30th, 1884 is (of course undesignedly) misleading. The number, 12,678, probably taken from the annual report of that year, represented the total of *new books* sent out in 713 libraries (280 new and 433 reshipped) issued for that period. The aggregate of volumes, new and old, in these libraries was 25,668, of which 12,990 had been to sea before,—many of them several times,—and, therefore, those were not reckoned in the statistics of the report. The correction gives thirty-six instead of eighteen, as stated by Professor Richardson, for the average total of books in each library issued during the year under notice. That is the ordinary average in all years, and the difference between it and the number named by Professor Richardson is such as to call for a correction of the error.

Truly yours,
H. H. MCFARLAND.
80 Wall St., New York.

IN HIS APPEAL for sailors' libraries, at

the State Association in Manchester last week, Secretary HANKS brought down the house by his declaration that he wanted no books on Universalism, Swedenborgianism, High Calvinism, or conditional immortality; for the sailors would surely get to fighting over them, and throw each other overboard. He received not long ago, in a lot of pamphlets on the old Andover controversy, a copy of the famous Convention Sermon of Professor Park on the Theology of the Intellect and Feelings. He let that go, and wished he had a thousand more copies to put in the libraries, believing that now, as at the time of its delivery, it would create broader and truer views on religious subjects.—*Congregationalist*, Sept. 23rd.

MEMORANDA AS TO LIBRARIES RESHIPED
AT BOSTON, MASS.

District Secretary HANKS forwards the following:—

LIBRARY No. 7,007, sent out in September, 1880, by S. S. First Presbyterian Church, Ithaca, N. Y., taken from bark *Aspintoban* of Yarmouth, Captain SCOTT, who says of it:—"The books have been on board three or four years, and have all been read by those on board."

LIBRARY No. 7,206, sent out in July, 1881, by R. E. RICE, Executor Estate MARY A. HOTCHKISS of New Haven, Conn.

BANGOR, ME., Oct. 2nd, '86.

American Seamen's Friend Society:—

Your library, No. 7,206, containing 35 volumes, placed on board bark *Charles Stewart*, has been saved from the wreck, in a slightly damaged condition, and with the loss of five volumes. It is now in the hands of the Agents of said bark, who await your instructions what disposal to make of it.

Yours truly,

T. J. STEWART & Co.,
Agents of bark *Charles Stewart*.

LIBRARY No. 7,583, sent out July, 1882, by Miss S. W. BOSWELL, Hartford, Conn., taken from the brig *Rachel Corey*, Capt. BRYANT, at Providence, R. I., on which vessel it was placed April 1st, 1884. The captain reports:—"This library has been read by at least seventy-five persons. It was put on board in New York more than two years ago, having been round the world twice in that time. It has been of much comfort to the captain and his good wife who has been with

him. The sailors also speak very highly of the blessing the books have been to them."

LIBRARY No. 7,865.—Every book has been read by the captain and crew. More than fifty of the latter have read the volumes."

LIBRARY No. 7,896.—"The books have all been read with pleasure. This is the way to do good to sailors. The men stay aboard and read instead of going ashore to drink."

LIBRARY No. 7,913;—"The books have all been read three or four times and have been of great value to the crew."

LIBRARY No. 7,917;—"The value of the books cannot be told. They have been the constant companions of the men in their leisure hours."

LIBRARY No. 8,418;—"The books are well chosen, and have been the means of much good. *We have had prayer-meetings, and two of the men have become Christians.* Officers and men have been much pleased to have such a collection of books on board. May the donors live long and be happy!"

LIBRARY No. 8,446—"The books have been in constant use. The men take them out with great delight."

Obituary.

REV. JAMES C. BEECHER.

The *N. Y. Evangelist* of September 2nd had the following record:—"This youngest of the children of the late Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, died by his own hand at the Elmira, N. Y., Water Cure, August 25th. He shot himself with a small rifle. The *Daily Advertiser* of Elmira says: 'He had for a number of years suffered under severe mental depression. For a year he was an inmate of the Middletown Asylum in this State, and for the last two years had been in charge of a special attendant. On Tuesday he reached Elmira accompanied by his nephew, and stopped at the Water Cure. The following day he went out with Dr. Gleason to the Doctor's private shooting range, and himself made an excellent score. Afterwards he ate supper as usual, sat with friends for awhile, then went quietly into a room apart from the others which he was accustomed to go into. He shut the door, and placing

the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth, he discharged the piece with instantly fatal results. The report of the gun was heard by those sitting on the piazza adjoining, and they at once entered the room, powerless to render any aid to the unfortunate man. Mr. Beecher was about fifty-nine years of age, and was graduated at Dartmouth College, N. H. He was then for five years an officer on a clipper ship between New York and China in the tea trade. After a year in business on shore, he read theology at Andover Seminary, and went to China as chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at Canton. He returned home at the beginning of the Civil War, and was at once chosen chaplain of the famous Brooklyn regiment, principally raised by Plymouth Church. At the close of the war he had become Colonel of United States volunteers, and was mustered out with the brevet rank of Brigadier-general a year after the close of the war. He had charge of the Park Church in Elmira, N. Y. while his brother was absent on a trip to South America. He then became pastor of the Congregational Church at Owego, N. Y., where he remained five years. Accepting a call to the Congregational Church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., he remained there five years. At the end of that time he bought a farm in Ulster county, cleared a place, and remained there some years, following which he had charge of the Bethel Mission in Brooklyn, N. Y., an adjunct of Plymouth Church, for one year. About that time his health failed, and he ceased from active labor. The deceased was a man of strong emotions, of genial, affectionate nature, and of unbounded zeal in the work of doing good to his fellow-men. The time he had spent in Elmira had served to win for him the respect and regard of many friends who sincerely mourn his sad death."

CAPT. JAMES P. ARTHUR.

This ship-captain, well known in his day, died at South Braintree, Mass., Oct. 7th. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, but left his home when about eighteen years of age. He entered the Navy of Buenos Ayres during the war for independence, and afterward came to this country and enlisted in the United States Navy, serving as able seaman for several years. He then shipped as boat-swain on the *General Brown* of New York, and made a voyage to the Pacific coast of South America. In 1828 he shipped as second mate of the ship *Har-*

binger, of Boston, for a trading voyage to California, and on his return joined the ship *Brookline*, of Boston, owned by Messrs. Bryant & Sturgis. As first officer of this vessel he again returned to California and had the honor of hoisting the first American flag that was ever raised in that State. It was made of a red flannel shirt and blue dungaree, with white duck for the stars and stripes. It was hoisted over Bryant and Sturgis' hide house at San Diego on the occasion of a visit to that port of an English man-of-war, and was the occasion of much astonishment on the part of the British officers, who had no idea that they would see any American flag in that out-of-the-way part of the world. He afterward commanded the ship *California*, owned by Bryant & Sturgis and then by Benjamin O. Reed. As master of the *California* he made ten voyages to the Golden State, and the last time he visited California he was in charge of a New York vessel bound for San Francisco with a portion of Colonel Stevenson's regiment as passengers. This was in the early days of the Mexican war and before the gold discoveries. Afterward he commanded several vessels, but retired from the sea with the loss of a ship on Nantucket Shoals, Captain Arther being sick at the time and the vessel in charge of his mate, Richard A. Dana, in his *Two Years Before the Mast*, and William H. Thomas, in *On Land and Sea*, make favorable mention of Captain Arther, the one in 1836 and the other in 1843.

Books.

VOYAGES OF A MERCHANT NAVIGATOR OF THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST. Compiled from the Journals and Letters of the late Richard J. Cleveland. By H. W. S. Cleveland. N. Y., Harper & Bros., 1886. pp. 245.

The unpretentious record in this volume discloses the heroic purpose and undaunted resolve of a wise spirit, which difficulties seemed only to inspire to exertion. As portraying an example for all men, and especially for young men, this life of Captain CLEVELAND may well be reckoned as one of the most serviceable books of the season. Some of his traits and experiences are set forth in sufficient vividness by the author of the opening article in this number of the MAGAZINE.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

Christ in the Storm.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

The Apostles, at their Lord's command,
Set sail to reach the distant land,
While He remained where He had fed
The hungry multitude with bread.
A tempest swept o'er Galilee;—
Their ship was sinking in the sea,
When lo! they saw the Master's form
Come walking through the midnight storm.
He knew their terrors, heard their cry,
And said, "Fear not," for "It is I!"
And soon the rescued little band,
With Christ on board, was at the land.

So we, upon the sea of life,
When stricken by its storms and strife,
May see, by faith, Christ's radiant form
Amid the night and in the storm.

We know His loving voice, who said,
"Fear not, 'tis I. be not afraid!"
Though night is dark and waves are high,
"Be not afraid," for "It is I!"

The restless billows know their God,
And crouch in silence at His nod,
And waves become an even floor
Beneath His feet, whom they adore.

The stoutest ship must feel the strain
When tempest-tossed upon the main;
But surely we may trust the Lord;—
The ship is safe, with Christ on board.

The night must come when wild winds roar,
And breakers beat the trembling shore;
But winds and waves obey His will,
And at His word the sea is still.

Though sinking down among the waves,
We need not fear the opening graves,
For well we know His mighty hand
Will bring our sinking ship to land.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

Total arrivals..... 234
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$5,988
of which \$3,214 was sent to relatives and friends, \$300 was deposited in Savings Bank, and \$2,130 was returned to boarders.

Planets for November, 1886.

☿ MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st at 5h. 40m., and south of west 29° 56'; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 10th; is at its greatest elongation at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 19th, being 22° 38' east of the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Serpentarius at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 26th at 4h. 8m., being 5° 40' south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 52m., and south of east 14° 18'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 25th, at 9h. 5m., being 4° 41' south.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 6h. 59m., and south of west 32° 42'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 28th, at 8h. 52m., being 5° 8' south.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 2m and south of east 9° 37'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 22nd, at 7h. 49m., being 3° 1' south.

SATURN is due south on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 55m., being at this time 21° 18' north of the Equator; is stationary among the stars in Gemini at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 4th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 16th, at 7h. 42m., being 3° 3' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for September, 1886.

MAINE.

South Wellfleet, A Friend.....	\$ 2 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Campton, G. W. Brown.....	5 00
Hollis, Cong. church.....	11 34
New Boston, Pres. church.....	1 00
Pelham, A Friend, for lib'y.....	20 00
West Concord, Cong. church.....	5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Estate of Mary B. Conant, late of Amherst, Mass., per Benj. L. Berrill, Ex.	14 42
Attleboro, 2nd Cong. church, Ladies' Sewing Circle, for lib'y.....	20 00
Florence, Cong. church.....	11 00
Lowell, High St. ch., of wh. \$40 for libraries.....	87 45
Northboro, A Friend, for lib'y.....	20 00
North Brookfield, Cong. church.....	30 00
Reading, Cong. church.....	4 00
Rockland, Cong. church.....	10 00
South Wellfleet, Cong. church.....	4 00
West Haverhill, Perry E. Elliott's S. S. class, for library.....	20 00
Amos Hazeltine's S. S. class.....	4 00
Winchester, Cong. church.....	40 74

CONNECTICUT.

Fair Haven, J. F. Barnes and wife, for library.....	20 00
Greenwich, A Friend.....	5 00
Meriden, 1st Cong. church.....	40 00
North Haven, Cong. church.....	52 00
New London, 1st Cong. church.....	9 50
Scitico, Mrs. S. E. Stowe, for lib'y.....	20 00
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	17 16

NEW YORK.

Edgewater, 1st Pres. church.....	10 00
Elmira, Jesse Owen, for the "Jesse Owen Loan Library No. 2, Elmira, N. Y.".....	20 00
New York City, W. W. Kip.....	10 00
Mrs. A. C. Kip.....	10 00
W. Abbatt.....	1 00

NEW JERSEY.

Cape May Point, Rev. G. S. Corwin, for library.....	20 00
East Orange, Young Men's Bible class of Elmwood Chapel S. S., per Rev. Geo. S. Webster, Teacher, for lib.	20 00
Franklinville, Mrs. L. K. Spaulding..	5 00
Newark, 2nd Pres. church.....	4 26
Princeton, Stony Brook S. S., for lib.	20 00

OHIO.

Salem, David A. Allen, for the "Theodore Lee" Library.....	20 00
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\$613 87



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days"—Ecc. II: 1.

How a Boy was Hired Out, and What Came of It.

When Michael Angelo was twelve years of age, although he had no instruction in art, he did a piece of work which greatly pleased the painter, Dominico Ghirlandajo. This artist at once declared that here was a lad of genius, who must quit his studies and become a painter.

This was what the little Michael most wished to do, but he had no hope that his father would listen for a moment to the suggestion. His father Ludovico Buonarroti, was a distinguished man in the state, and held art and artists in contempt. He had planned a great political career for his boy, as the boy knew very well.

Ghirlandajo was enthusiastic, however, and in company with the lad he at once visited Ludovico, and asked him to place Michael in his studio.

Ludovico was very angry, saying that he wished his son to become a prominent man in society and politics, not a dauber and a mason; but when he found that young Michael was determined to be an artist, or nothing, he gave way, though most ungraciously. He would not say that he consented to place his son with Ghirlandajo; he would not admit that the study of art was study, or the studio of an artist anything but a shop. He said to the artist:—

"I give up my son to you. He shall be your apprentice or your servant, as you please, for three years, and you must pay me twenty-four florins for his services."

In spite of the insulting words and insulting terms, Michael Angelo consented thus to be hired out as a servant to the artist, who should have been paid by his father for teaching him.

When Michael Angelo had been with Ghirlandajo about two years, he went one day to the Gardens of St. Mark, where the Prince Lorenzo de Medici,—who was the great patron of art in Florence,—had established a rich museum of art works at great expense. One of the workmen in the garden gave the boy leave to try his hand at copying some of the sculptures there; and Michael, who had hitherto studied only painting, was glad of a chance to experiment with the chisel, which he preferred to the brush. He chose for his model an ancient figure of a faun, which was somewhat mutilated. The mouth, indeed, was entirely broken off, but the boy was very self-reliant, and this did not trouble him. He worked day after day at the piece, creating a mouth for it of his own imagining, with the lips parted in laughter, and the teeth displayed.

When he had finished, and was looking at his work, a man standing near asked if he might offer a criticism.

"Yes," answered the boy, "if it is a just one."

"Of that you shall be the judge," said the man.

"Very well, what is it?"

"The forehead of your faun is old, but the mouth is young. See, it has a full set of perfect teeth. A faun so old as this one is would not have perfect teeth."

The lad admitted the justice of the criticism, and proceeded to remedy the defect by chipping away two or three of the teeth, and chiselling the gums so as to give them a shrivelled appearance.

The next morning, when Michael went to remove his faun from the garden, it was gone. He searched everywhere for it, but without success. Finally, seeing the man who had made the suggestion about the teeth, he asked him if he knew where it was.

"Yes," replied the man, "and if you will follow me, I'll show you where it is."

"Will you give it back to me? I made it, and have a right to it."

"Oh, if you must have it, you shall."

With that he led the way into the palace of the prince, and there, among the most precious works of art in the collection, stood the faun. The young sculptor cried out in alarm, declaring that the Prince Lorenzo would never forgive the introduction of so rude a piece of work among his treasures of sculpture. To his astonishment, the man declared that he was himself the Prince Lorenzo de Medici, and that he set the highest value upon his work.

"I am your protector and friend," he added. "Henceforth you shall be counted as my son, for you are destined to become one of the great masters of art."

Filled with joy, the lad went straightaway to his father's house, which he had been forbidden to enter, and, forcing his way into Ludovico's presence, told him

what had happened. The father refused to believe the good news until Michael led him into Lorenzo's presence.

When the prince, by way of emphasizing his good-will, offered Ludovico any post he might choose, he asked for a very modest place indeed, saying, with bitter contempt, that it was good enough "for the father of a mason."

What is the Soul?

One day a lady was walking across Hyde Park, in London. When taking her handkerchief from her pocket a little red case fell out and rolled to the feet of a poor child who was close by. The child had never been taught what was right, and so she bent down to seize the case and make off with it; but the lady heard it drop, and turning quickly round, she seized the little girl. "Stop! you are in danger of losing something," said the lady. The girl stared. "Come and speak to me while I rest on this bench," the lady continued. And when she had gotten to the bench she asked, "Do you know that you have a soul?" The girl continued staring. The lady bade her look at the red case, which was old and worn. "Did you think that worth stealing?"

"I thought there was something in it."

"And you thought right," was the reply. "Your body is like the case, and your soul is the jewel that is in it."

"What is a soul?" said the child.

"When I speak to you, you think of what I say: the part that thinks is the soul. If any were kind to you, you would love them: the part that loves is the soul. You see that tree: it lives, but it does not think or love. Do you understand me now?" "Yes."

And then the lady went on to speak of Him who bought the jewel of the heart with his own life's blood; and she got the poor girl taken from her bad home and placed where she learned to

be honest, and where God's Spirit taught her the meaning of the prayer which she learned from the lady:—"O Lord, forgive my sins, and make my heart clean and good for Jesus' sake!"

Telling Jesus.

Nelly, who had lately recovered from a dangerous illness, was one day with her mother. As they were getting near home, the mother noticed the child had been unusually silent for a time, and all at once she stood still, and as if with a determined effort spoke thus: "Mamma,"—then a pause,—“I prayed last night, mamma.”

“Did you, dear?” Don't you always pray?”

“O, yes; but I prayed a *real* prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before.”

Then the mother gradually drew from her the following:—"I was lying awake last night such a long time, and was thinking how sinful I was. I thought of what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all bad things I had done, and they seemed such a lot, that I tried to remember all I had done in one week, and they seemed such a heap piled up, and then I was sure I had not remembered them all. This made me so miserable, and I thought what if Jesus had come for me when I was so ill? I was sure I could not have gone to heaven. Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for the bad people, and that he had promised to forgive them; so I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was, and that I could not remember all the sins of even one week; so I just asked Him to think of all of them for me, every one, and then I waited to give Him time to think, and when I thought he had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them, and I am sure he did, mamma, because He said He would, and I felt so happy. Then I got into bed, and

did not feel a bit afraid of God any more.”

That this true incident may encourage other little ones to take their burden of sin to Jesus, as Nellie did, is the earnest prayer of

Nelly's Friend.

Doing Things Well.

“There!” said Harry, throwing down the shoe brush; “that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?”

“Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,” said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed while his father continued:—

“My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine; when you have finished come into the house.”

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes his father said:—

“I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy, whose mother taught him the proverb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a gentleman's family, and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased, and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands he went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man, and anxious that his son, Harry, should practice the rule which made him prosper.”

“Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?” asked Harry.

“Yes, my son,—so poor that I had to go out to service, and black boots, and wait at table, and do any service that was required of me. By doing little things well, I was soon trusted with more important ones.”—*Young Reaper.*

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1886, was 8,512; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 9,170; the total shipments aggregating 17,682. The number of volumes in these libraries was 452,768, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 324,683 men. Nine hundred and fifty-eight libraries, with 34,488 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 109,530 men.—One hundred and fourteen libraries were placed in one hundred and fourteen Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,104 volumes, accessible to eight hundred and ten Keepers and surfmen.

During September, 1886, fifty-seven loan libraries, twenty-three new and thirty-four reshipped were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,685-8,700, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 8,509-8,515, inclusive, at Boston.

The thirty-four libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,793; No. 5,410; No. 6,435; No. 7,014; No. 7,481; No. 7,734; No. 8,074; No. 8,259; No. 8,418;
 “ 5,150; “ 5,418; “ 6,536; “ 7,101; “ 7,549; “ 7,782; “ 8,122; “ 8,286; “ 8,614.
 “ 5,399; “ 5,978; “ 6,737; “ 7,246; “ 7,583; “ 7,896; “ 8,163; “ 8,289;
 “ 5,408; “ 6,246; “ 6,907; “ 7,461; “ 7,691; “ 7,977; “ 8,223; “ 8,307;

The Sunbeams.

Dear little Effie sat singing a song
 Under the apple tree,
 I looked from the window and threw her
 a kiss,
 And she threw one back to me,
 And the bees and the butterflies hovered
 around,
 And the sunbeams danced all over the
 ground.

“ Why is my girlie so merry to-day,
 And why is her heart so light?”
 My little one lifted her face to me,
 And tossed back her curls so bright.
 “ Don't know, mamma, but I guess,” said
 she,
 “ That sunbeams are creeping inside
 of me.”

Dear little Effie, just seven years old,
 So wise her answer, and true;
 God grant the sunshine of His dear love
 May follow her whole life through;
 That the sunbeams may enter her heart
 each day,
 All sorrow and hardness to drive away.
M. D. Brine.

“GRANDPA DEAR, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar we are not to lose it on our way home.”

American Seamen's Friend Society.

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

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THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, gratuitously, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

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4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.....	G. F. Thompson.
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1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS**.

2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the WEST INDIA and MADEIRA ISLANDS, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT**, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of **LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1886, was 8,512. Calculating 9,170 reshipments, their 452,768 volumes have been accessible to more than 324,683 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c. The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any **SAILORS' HOME** in the world. It has accommodated 108,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.